

# ONE MAN'S OPINIONS

BY N. D. COCHRAN.

What a Lot of Liars!—All of us are liars. We talk lies, write lies and live lies. And we are liars because we are cowards.

There isn't a writer in this country who writes for publication all he thinks and believes. I go as far as most of them, but I haven't the courage to write the bold, naked truth as it runs through my mind.

We cover up our thoughts just as we cover up our bodies. In both cases we are ashamed—ashamed of nakedness and truth.

We are afraid of what others will think and say. Each of us wants the rest of us to think he is better than he really is. So we pose. We put on appearances.

That judge isn't just on the bench—and he knows it. He may be less of a hypocrite than some other judge—but he isn't just. He isn't dignified. He isn't solemn. He isn't virtuous. He's human.

Just when you think he is most solemn and dignified he may be thinking of that drink he's going to take as soon as he knocks off work and hikes for his favorite gin mill.

When you think he is carefully weighing the weight of evidence and delicately balancing the legal seesaw in his mind, he may be thinking of the pesky corn or the little toe of his left foot.

The great editor is writing a noble editorial on the brotherhood of man and the cruel treatment of the Jews by the Russian government. He tells us what a wonderful people the Jews are. I know he isn't sitting there loving the Jews—he is thinking that most of his advertisers are Jews.

I smiled to myself, during the war between Italy and Turkey, when I read editorials eulogizing the Italians. For I knew there were hundreds of thousands of Italians in our cities and mighty few Turks.

On St. Patrick's Day the editor

gets out an edition to jolly the Irish. And the orators tell the Irish, at St. Patrick's Day celebrations, what a great people they are.

Probably all they ever heard about St. Patrick was that yarn about him driving the snakes out of Ireland.

I don't object to the jovial jolly. We all like it. A knock is better than a boost. But a lot of it is con.

You are introduced to somebody you despise. "I'm pleased to meet you," you say. Who's a liar?

The preacher reads a text from the New Testament. He discourses eloquently upon the divine humanity of Christ, when he wrote in the sand with his finger and said to those who would have stoned their erring sister: "Let him who is without guilt cast the first stone;" and the next day he will sic the police on the sinning sisters of today.

He doesn't practice what he preaches. He says all men are his brothers, and bids the rich man to a feast in the diningroom and passes a handout to his brother the tramp at the kitchen door, and bids him begone.

You can write the rest of this yourself. You know it as well as I do. We're all alike—more or less. None of us is altogether on the level. We live a life of lies because it is customary—because others do it. We are afraid to speak our real thoughts—and truth is the most sensational thing in humanity because it is the rarest thing.

The laws of God are the truth—man-made laws are largely lies.

I wish I were brave enough to be altogether truthful. Wouldn't it be great?

**A Veteran Honored**—In the March 14 issue of Fourth Estate there is an interesting story about Miss Harriett M. Dewey and a birthday reception tendered her by her friends and co-workers of the Chicago Daily News. The Fourth Estate says:

"Miss Dewey is the cashier of the